

Jan



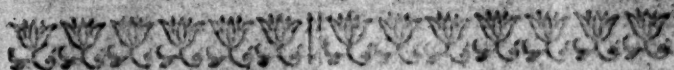
A N

Hue and Cry

AFTER

Dr. S — T.



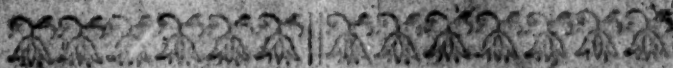


AN

HINE and CRY

AFTER

Dr. 2 — T.



Wm. H. H. H.

A N
Hue and Cry

A F T E R

Dr. S — T;

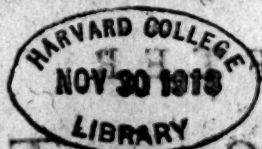
Occasion'd by a True and Exact
Copy of Part of his own *Diary*,
found in his Pocket-Book,
wherein he has set down a
faithful Account of himself,
and of all that happen'd to him
for the last Week of his Life.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford
Arms in Warwick-lane. 1714.

17423, 35
Hue and City



Gift of
William Endicott, Jr.

Occasion'd by a Time and Exact
Copy of Part of his own Diary,
found in his Pocket-Book,
wherein he has set down a
faithful Account of himself
and of all that happen'd to him
for the last Week of his Life.

The Second Edition.

L O W D O N :

Printed for J. Leake, near the Oxford
Chapel in Warwick Lane. 1714.

Coach to Lord Havy's. The Viscount
look'd *redoubtable*. Left him. Pro-
~~ceeded to the~~
~~Proceed to the~~
minding and thinking of nothing. I staid
for half an Hour with three important
Papers, an **A N** and an English Co-
lonel, and a Scotch Gentleman. Remind
HUE and CRY, &c.

thority give the World an Account of
~~Went to dine at the~~
~~Went to dine at the~~
Papers, three Gentlemen, and a Town
Dinner'd the *Thursday*. The Wind. No

W **A K'D** with the Head-
ach. Said no Prayers that
Morning. Drest imme-
diately. Look'd confoun-
ded *Rakish*. Repeated *Verses* whilst I
was washing my Hands. Resolv'd
(whilst I was putting on my Gown)
to ridicule the Orders of *Bishop, Priest,*
and *Deacon*. After Dinner at my Lord
B——s. Went to drink Tea in *Jack*
Buildings. The Earl look'd *queerly*,
Left him in an *Huff*. Bid him send for
me when he was *fit for Company*. Took
Coach

Coach to Lord *Harry's*. The Viscount look'd *whimsically*. Left him. Promis'd to sup with him at the *Earls*. Drove to the *Cocoa-Tree*. Sate till one, musing and thinking of nothing. Plagu'd for half an Hour with three impertinent *Puppies*, an *I-sh* Lord, an *English* Colonel, and a *Scotch* Gamester. Retir'd to a private Corner, where a Whim came into my Head, which I will shortly give the World an Account of. Went to dine at the *George*, with two *Papists*, three *Jacobites*, and a *Tory*. Damn'd the Cook, lik'd the Wine. No Wit. All Politicks. Settled the *Succession*. Fix'd the Place and Time and Manner of his Landing. Went to my Lodging at five. Slept. Writ an *Examiner*. Supp'd at *Tork Buildings*. Earl and Lord *Harry* part in *Dudgeon* and *Division*. Displeas'd with all that happen'd. Go home pensive. Resolve upon some odd and new Schemes of Life. Spent ten Shillings. Take a Dram. Go to Bed. *Friday.*

Go to the Club of Whigs. Drink. *Friday.* Resolve to fast. Send a Note to Church, to pray for the Conversion of a great Sinner. Read the Bible. Find that no Man can serve two Masters; and that an House divided against it self cannot stand. Consider of these Words; *When ye hear of these things, flee unto the Mountains.* Begin a Sermon upon this Text, *Be as wise as Serpents.* Throw it a-side, and read *Tread's Art of Restoring*, and my own Meditation on a Broomstick. Received a filthy Letter from Ireland. Walk in my Room for two Hours. Loll on my Couch for two Hours. Take a *Manual* for Devotion in my Hand, but say *extempore* Prayers. Mightily given to Ejaculations. Don't like the Lord's Prayer. Think often of *St—le* and *E. W—n.* Eat at six. Dress, loiter. Hum a Tune till eight. Give a Farthing to a poor Man. Pay my Barber. Put on a Pair of new Gloves. Go to *St. James's.* Don't like things Confirm'd concerning the Animosities between the Earl and Lord *Harry.* In

a Quandary. Go to the Club of *ugly Faces*. Some Wit. *Much Impiety*. Drink hard. Am treated. Expences one Shilling. *Mem.* This Day Month I had clean Sheets.

Saturday. I wake at eleven. Promis'd to receive a Gentleman at my Lodgings about my Lord's Business; but won't be at home all Day. To come up these several Resolutions; Resolv'd to write an Ode upon changing one's Mind, in Imitation of *Horace's Suisani Sibi*. *Item*, An Apology for *Taking the Air*, and two Comments upon *Balaam's Cather*. I resolv'd to repent. To give an Historical Account of the following *English Proverbs*, viz. When *Knave's* quarrel honest Men come by their own. Burn the House and run away by the Light of it. No longer pipe no longer dance. Murder will out; and, When the Steed's stola shut the Stable-Door. However, half a Loaf is better than no Bread; and therefore Men must make the best of a bad Market. Bid my Servant get all things

things ready for a Journey to the Country, according to the following List: Mend my Breeches; hire a riding Coat; borrow Boots; sell my Coals and Candles; reckon with my Washer-Woman; making her allow for old Shirts, Socks, Dabbs and Markees, which she bought of me. *Mem.* I borrow'd five Guineas of my Bookfeller, and paid my Landlady all to a Shilling. Resolv'd to carry no Books with me but the *History of the Civil Wars of England*, into the Country. Din'd late with my Landlady. Merry with Mutton and *Double Entendres*. Retire. Consider the uncertain Nature of Human Affairs. Write the following Letter to Mr. *Oldsbury*, one of the Authors of the *Examiner*:

S I R, *112*

DEsigning soon for the Country, I desire that you will excuse me from supplying you with any more Papers under the Name of the *Examiner*. We have made the *most* of our Cause; and no mortal Affair has the Privilege of being perpetually the same. Re-

B

member

(10)

member *Horace's Bene preparatum pectus*.
If we can contrive it so as to be *rogu'd*
by both sides, we shall do more Justice
to each than either expected from us,
and have this Pretence still left to the
Title of *honest Men*. Give my Service
to his *Lordship*: Tell him that no Man
has Strength enough to be Proof against
Conviction; that I am ready to meet
him on *either side of the Water*; and will
still ply at the *labouring Oar*, to shew
with how much Respect and Esteem I
am his *Lordship's*, &c. 'Tis no Time
to be *incredulous*. I depend upon your
not being *obstinate*, and if you are silent
for a while, you will convince me of
your being that Man of *great Sense* and
Observation which I always took you
to be.

I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

J. S.

P. S. Remember, when an Army's
roated, that some are *kill'd*, some *woun-*
ded,

ded, some run away; but that Deserters are always well treated. Six Coaches of Quality, and nine Hacks, this Day call'd at my Lodgings.

Mem. To write a Paper when I am in the Country, to bring with me to Town, and to publish at my first Appearance, call'd S——'s Reasons, viz. for Ingratitude, for Irreligion, for Turning, for Returning, and to serve any Turn, to be bound up with the Tale of a Tub; went Incog. at 8 this Night to Child's, found the Clergy alarm'd at the Q——'s Thoughts of displacing the T——r. Supp'd with Mrs. O—— where we had no Politics. Mem. I promis'd her a Copy of Verses upon a weak Woman. Pay my Way to my Landlady in a Bottle of Viana. Smoak'd a Pipe by my self. Concluded nothing certainly. Took a Dram. Repeated the Collect for the third Sunday after Epiphany. Pick'd my Teeth. Wash'd my Face. Went to Bed. Expences 5 s.

Sun.

Sunday. are always well
 Pack'd up some Tea, Paper, Pens,
 Ink, and Tobacco; and before Church

was done sent a Note to give God
 Thanks for one who had escap'd a ve-
 ry great Danger. Din'd, and was sworn
 at Highgate. Travell'd 24 Miles this
 Day. Thought upon Nothing as often
 as I could on the Road. Resolv'd to
 write the History of the Band-box Plot
 and to give a true Account of the Mo-
 dern Word call'd BITE. Having con-
 cluded my Journey to be a Bite, Lord
 Harry a Bite, the Earl a Bite, and that
 Prudence infallibly directed to fall in
 with them who would bite the BITERS.
 Resolv'd also to write new Explana-
 tory Notes on the Conduct of the Allies.
 By ten I came to my Inn. Had quiet-
 ted my Mind. Supp'd, Smoak'd, went
 to Bed. Expen. 10 s.

Monday.

Slept well. Rose early. Had Pancakes
 for Break-fast. Sung. Repeated Verses.
 Laid Schemes. Commended my self. Rode
 hard till Noon. Alighted at a Tory
 Inn;

Inn; converted many *Gentry* and *Chur-*
gy of that Principle, at a publick Meet-
 ing there, by letting them into the Se-
 cret of my Flight, and some other Se-
 crets which I knew. *Mem.* This Day
 the *Whigs* are indebted to me for a
 Promise of *Whigs* Members for this
 County and Town, at next Elections.
 Came to my Country Lodgings at 9
 after an easy indolent Afternoons Jour-
 ney. Pleas'd with the Privacy of the
 Place. *Mem.* I forgot to take Leave of
 Lord *Solers* and *Sun-*nd. Resolv'd
 to write to *D. Scamle*. Sup'd with my
 Landlord, Landlady, and their Daugh-
 ter. Found sufficient Provisions of
Wine, *Brandy*, *Sugar*, and *Lemon*. Hung
 up my Cloths. Plac'd Pen, Ink, Pa-
 per, and History, on the Table. Smok'd
 fangs, and went to Bed.

Tuesday.

Dreamt of the Devil and St. *Patrick*
 last Night. Said the Lord's Prayer.
 Sat down to consider of my Change of
Life. Tories, Damn 'em; they won't
 be able to support me. Whigs, Damn
 'em, they won't trust me. Drank Tea.
 Walk'd

Walk'd in the Garden. Return'd. Writ
 a Satyr on the Lord T——r. Writ a-
 nother upon all the present Ministry.
 Receiv'd a Letter from *Lewis* the Book-
 seller in *Covent-Garden* of great impor-
 tance. By G-d *Steele* has got the bet-
 ter of me. No good News from *Ire-*
land. Ad——n says I am gone to hang
 my self. Pope says I am gone to *France*.
 N——y Ro——t says I am gone to
 my De——y; and most People will say
 I am gone to the D——l; and so
 I'll go to Dinner, Mutton and Turnips.
 The Gods fled once into *Egypt*. I was
 very gay and diverting. Drank an
 hearty Glass. Retir'd. Fell into this
 Soliloquy: The Reverend Dr. S——ft,
 Student in two Universities; a Mem-
 ber of the Church of *England*, and a
 Christian too; left the College to turn
 Chaplain, Parson, Poet; having serv'd
 Ambassadors, Noblemen, Governors; ha-
 ving writ for and against Religion; be-
 ing Rector, Vicar, Dean, Author, Tran-
 slator, Abridger, and Publisher; Droll,
 Jest, and Scribler, and many other
 things; *Quorum si nomina queris*: Ha-
 ving serv'd and abus'd the late Ministry;
 and

and done all that Man could do for
this; after enriching *Booksellers*, and
 impoverishing *my self*; am now *trans-*
planted, metamorphosed into a *Stock*, or
 a *Tree*, and either hurried away to some
Elysian Grove; or in short down-right
 MAD. Here I fell a-sleep. Wak'd a-
 bout six. Writ to put my House in
 order in *Dublin*. Send my Man to *Lon-*
don, to know how *Things* go. Eat no
 Supper. Writ a *Whim* to divert the
 Earl of O——d. Resolve to adjourn
 all further Considerations till to mor-
 row. Smoak. Take a Dram. Go to
 Bed. Domestick Affairs not worth in-
 serting.

Wednesday.

Had a very *bad* Night last Night.
 Rise early. Repeat the Prayer for a
 Person *troubled in Mind*. Tumble over
 the History of the Civil Wars. Pop
 upon the Words *Obadiah* and *Titus*.
 Shut the Book. Take Pen in Hand.
 Write some *Oddnesses*; lay it down a-
 gain. Call for a Glass of Sack. Think
 of my Friends. Recieve an Express
 that

that the Earl of O——d is displac'd.
 And is B——t, said I, and all the rest,
 continued? Can Lucifer fall without
 his Angels? Write a Meditation on a
 WHITE ROD. Grow faint. Smoke.
 Drink. Hang my self. DIE.

The Meditation on a White Rod.
 M O T T O taken from the Doc-
 tor's Miscellanies.

The Rod was honest English Wood,
 That senseless, in a Corner stood,
 Till Metamorphos'd, by BOB's Grasp,
 It grew an All-devouring Asp.

This single Stick, which you now
 behold, ingloriously lying in that neg-
 lected Corner, I once saw in a flour-
 rishing State, at the Head of Noblemen
 and Peers, carried by the best Hands,
 directed by the best Head in the Realm
 Beauteous for whitest Colour; admir-
 able for Shape and Length; but now,
 this is the base Art of Man, which
 made

made it so conspicuous and remarkable; 'tis *broken*, 'tis sullied, and either thrown out of *Doors*, or condemn'd to the last use, of kindling a *Fire*. When I beheld this, I *sigh'd*, and said, within my Self, surely *mortal Man* is a *WHITE ROD*. Nature sent him into the World *Innocent* and *Blanch*, *Straight* and *Upright*; but he is become *crooked* and *dark*; and sometimes *offensive*, and sometimes *useless*; and after a *shining*, *bustling Figure*, is often *disgrac'd*, *shatter'd*; ruin'd in this *Life*; condemn'd to everlasting *FIRE* in the *next*. How does *Man* (a tender *Twig*) grow *stubborn*, *incurvate*, *deform'd*, and *Worm-eaten*; how does *Age* reduce him to *Infancy* again; till from carrying a *Stick* in his own *Hand*, he is carry'd by *other Men's Hands*, and soon thrown away, and laid aside for ever. *Vain Man!* (said I, upon this occasion) that often makest a *Rod* for thine own *B—*; whereas too many others, alas! are dally laying them in *Piss* for thee. Then pursuing the Subject, I expostulated thus with my self. What an

C

Em-

Emblem is young *Master's White Stick*,
 when *Tinsell'd* at *May-Fair*, or adorn'd
 with *Mather's Gorgeous Top*, what an
Emblem of *HIM*, who with a plain
Wand only, *Bridles*, *Saddles*, *Rides*,
Spurs, *Galls*, and *Jades* a whole *King-*
dom? O *Enigmatical Rod*, which like
 the *Stick* of a *Lapland Charmer*, after
 an *hasty*, *dirty*, *embarrass'd Journey*,
 most ungraciously *THROWS*, or de-
 stroy's its *RIDER*. Then taking the
 neglected *Piece of Wood* in my *Hand*,
 which gave *Birth* to these pious *Me-*
ditations. Oh! thou truly *Mosaical*
Rod, cry'd I, that devourest *all about*
thee; inseparable from the *Contem-*
plation of *thee*, are the *Thoughts* of
 the *Plagues* of *Egypt*. O thou *Conju-*
rers Wand, that has rais'd *that Devil*,
 thou canst never *lay*; O thou *Geogra-*
phical Radius, that hast truly divided
 the *Kingdoms* of the *Earth*. Did *Sid*
Hamed's once discover *Golden Mines*?
 Thou hast dissipated *them*, and be-
 witch'd us to go in search of them to
 another *World*, to distant, unknown
Southern Seas. But, Ah! *Quisque suos*
patimur manes. Thou hast *RISEN* to
 thy

thy full Growth; and thou art
 FALLEN to thy latest DECAY;
 thou mortal SLIP of Timber, thou
 art WITHER'D, shrunk, and
 become a stranger to thy many for-
 mer Vertues. For, how has thy Mer-
 curial Energy and Power left thee,
 whereby, being thrice, *wasted* o'er
 our happy Isles, thou *closedst* the
 Eyes, and *lulledst* the Eye-lids of three
 powerful Nations ASLEEP. Mighty
 was thy Force O Rod, O *whiteſt* Rod,
 beyond the Power of Magic Caduceus;
 able to force Human Bodies INTO,
 and OUT of local Place, which
 makes me end my *own imperfect Medita-*
tions, in that excellent Description of
 Sid Hamed's, my worthy Friend.

*This Rod was ſlender, white, and Tall,
 Which oft he us'd to Fiſh withal.*

*A PLACE was faſtn'd to the Hook,
 And many ſcore of GUDGEONS took;*

Yet still so happy was his Fate,

He caught his FISH, and sav'd his Bait.

And I cannot but add,

Since WATERS now are TROUBLED
(grown,

His FISHING ROD he has laid down.

(3)
III
A Copy of Verses fastn'd to the
Gate of St. P——'s C——h
D——r, on the Day of the
I——t of a certain D——n

TO Day this Temple gets a D——n
Of Parts, and Fame uncom-
(mon;
Us'd both to Pray, and to Prophane;
To serve, or God, or Mammon.

II.

When W——n reign'd, a Whig he was;
When Pem——e; that's dispute Sir:
In Ox——'s Time, what O——d please,
Non-con, or Jack, or Neuter.

III. This

III.

This Place he got by *Wit* and *Rhime*;

And many Ways most odd ;

And might a *Bishop* be in a Time

Did he *believe* in *God*.

IV.

For *High-Church-Men*, and *Policy*,

He *Swears* he *Prays*, most hearty ;

But wou'd pray *back* again, wou'd be

A *Dean* of *any* Party.

V.

Four *Lessons*, *Dean*, all in *one* Day,

Faith it is hard, that's certain ;

'Twere better hear *Nown* *Peter* say,

God D——n thee *Jack* and *Martyn*.

VI. Look

VI.

Look down *St. Patrick*, look we pray,
On thine own *Church* and *Steeple*;
Convert thy *D—n* on *this great Day*,
Or else *God help* the *People*.

VII.

And now, whene'er his *D—n—sh—p* dies,
Upon his *Stone* be graven,
A *Man of God* here buried lies,
Who never thought of *Heaven*.

F I N I S.